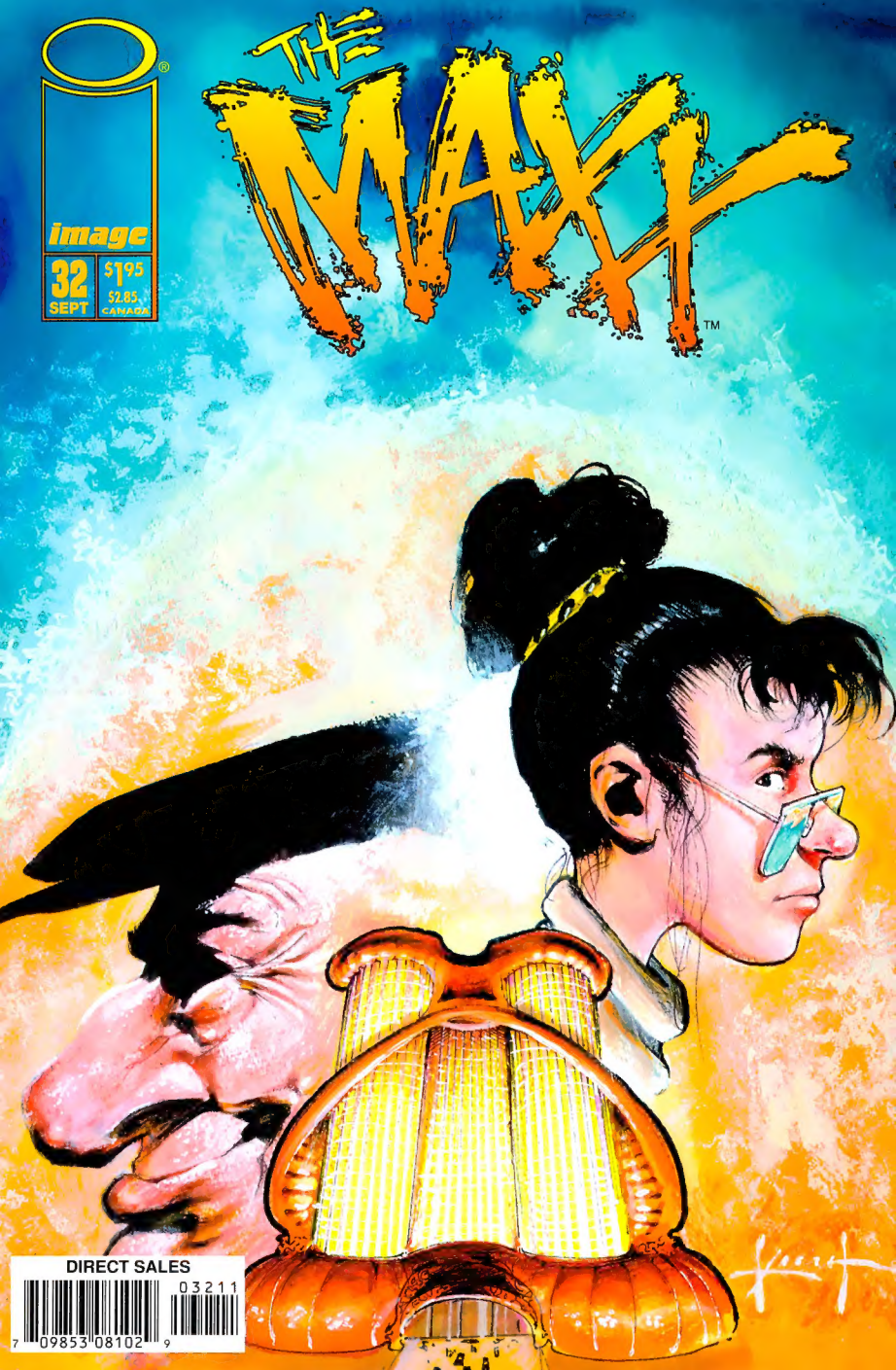
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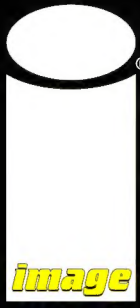
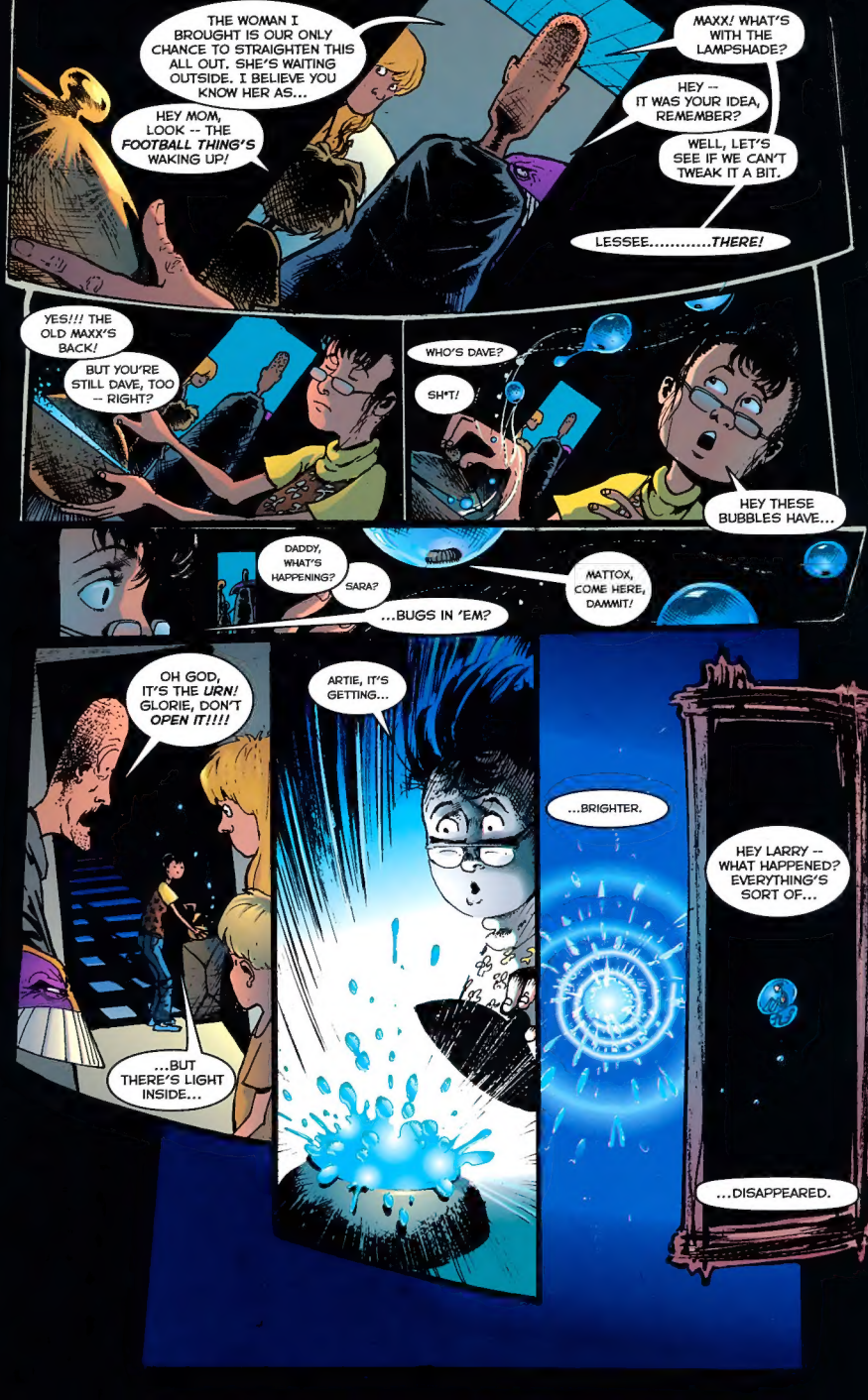
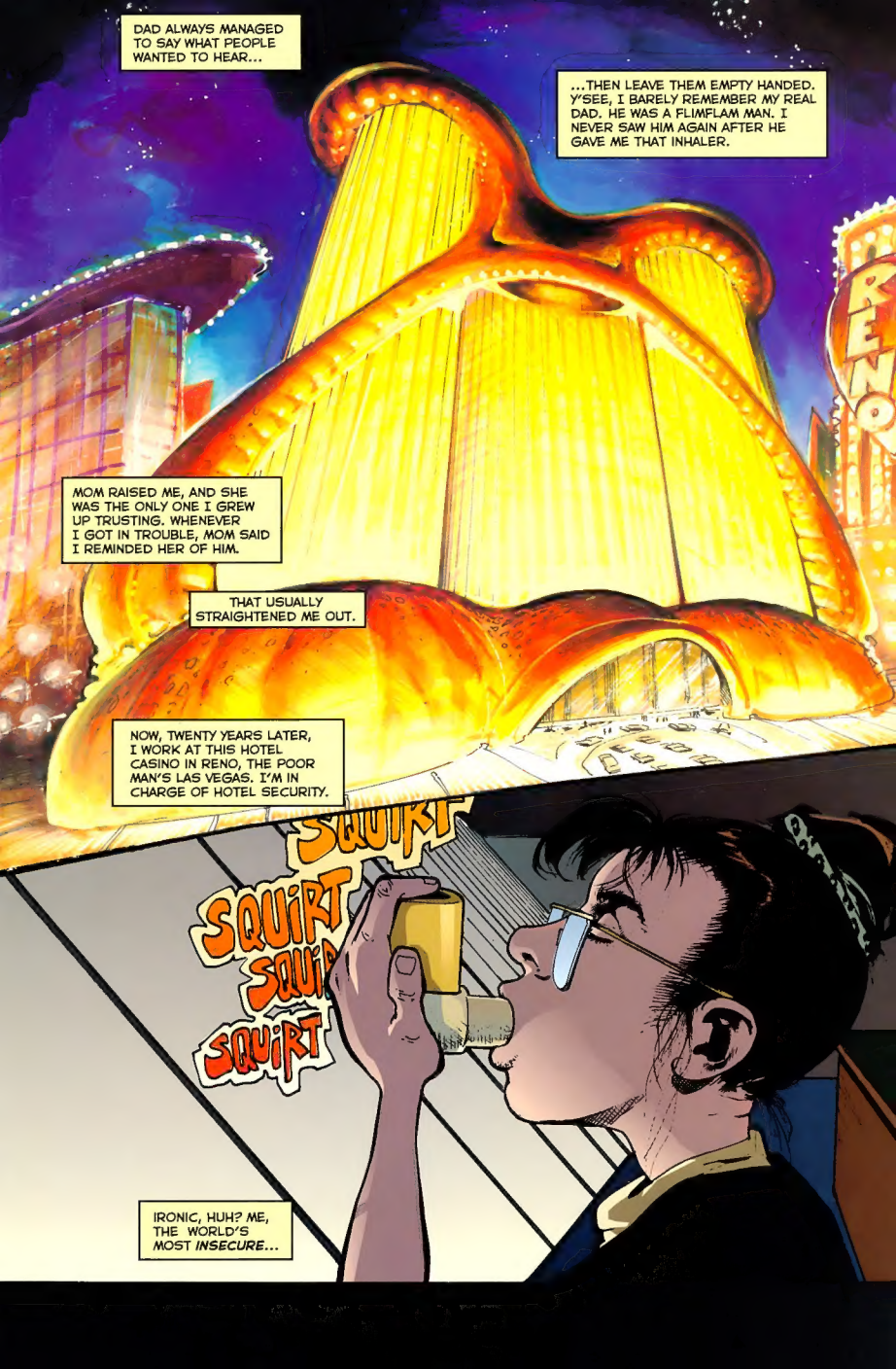
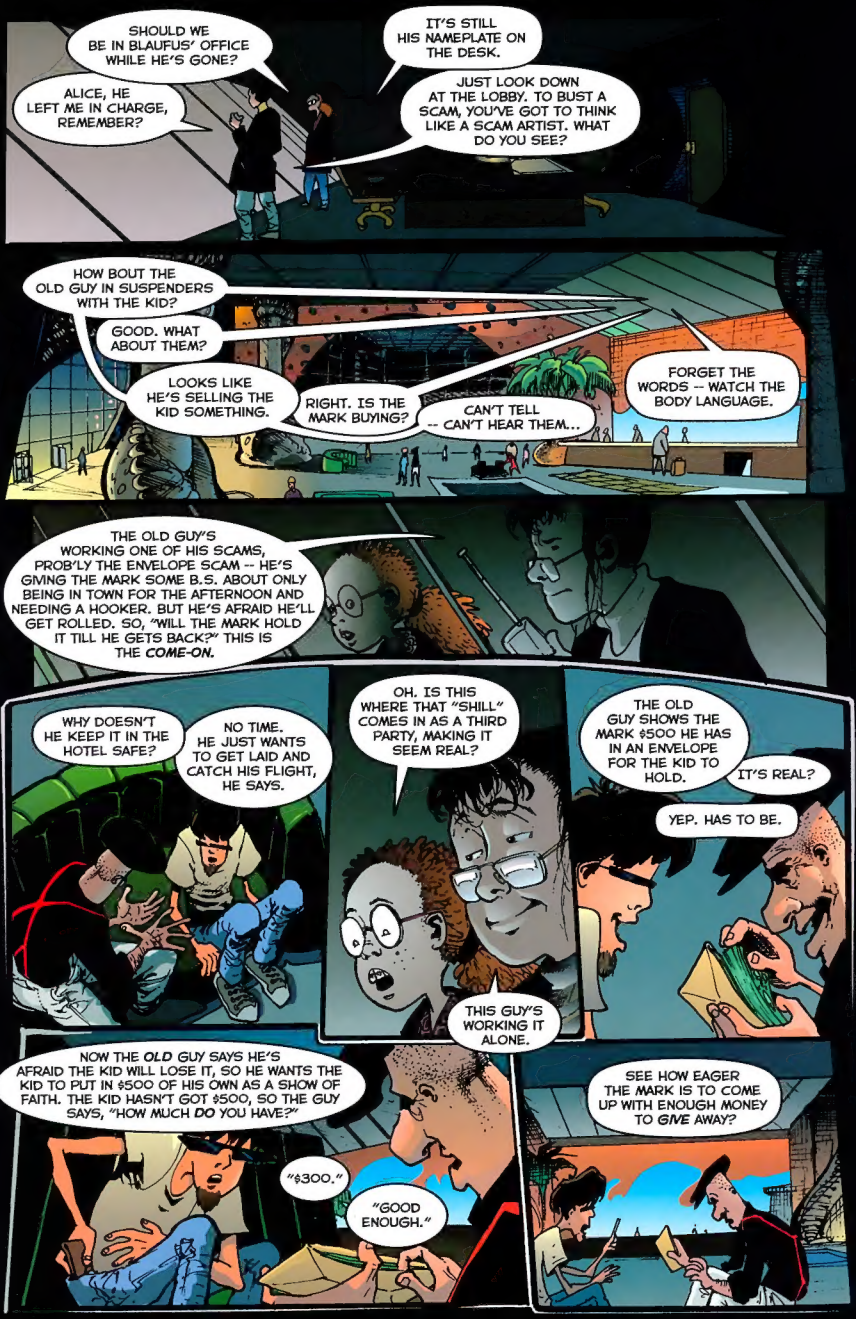


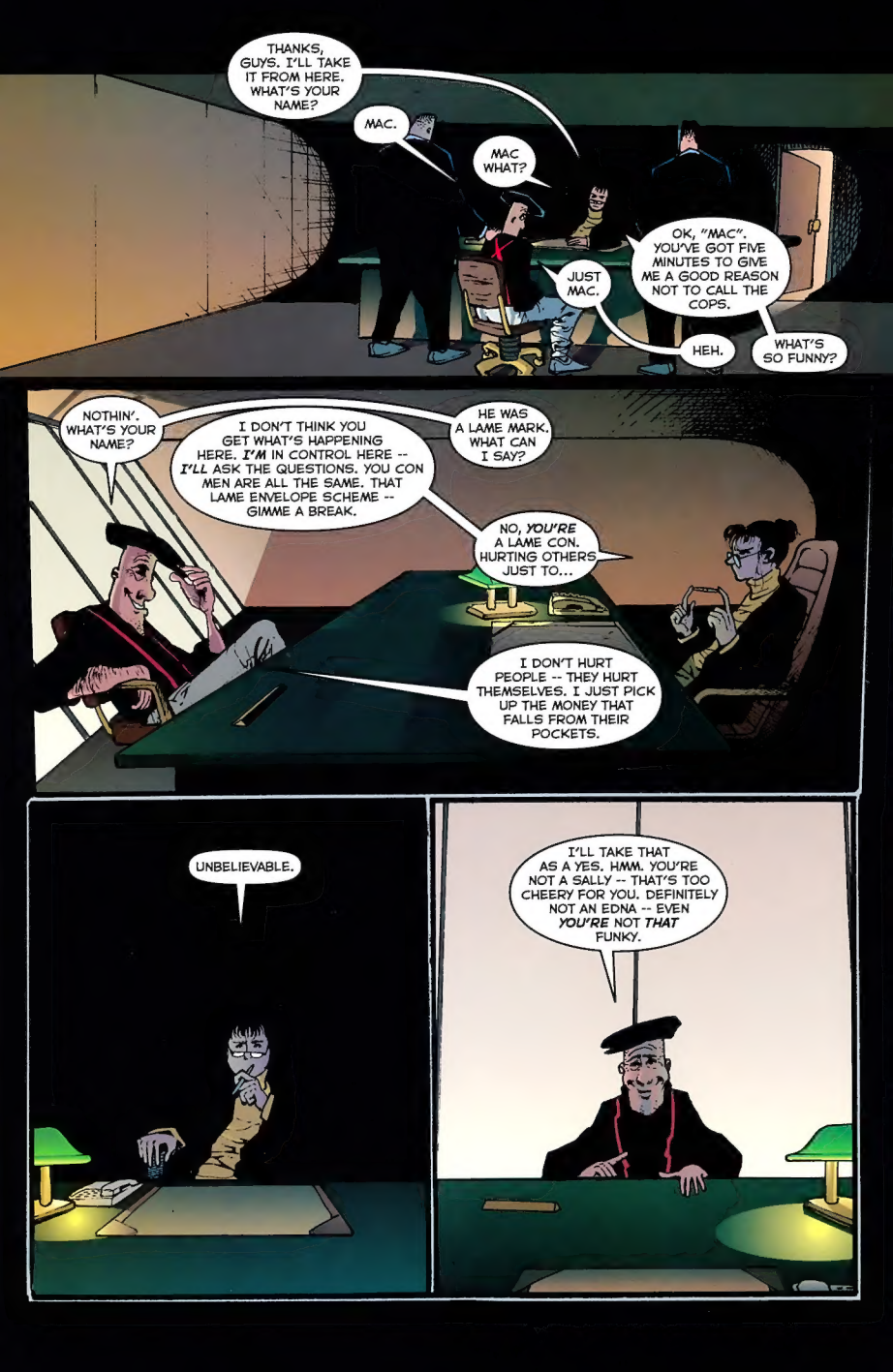

THE WOMAN I BROUGHT IS OUR ONLY CHANCE TO STRAIGHTEN THIS ALL OUT. SHE'S WAITING OUTSIDE. I BELIEVE YOU KNOW HER AS...
HEY MOM, LOOK -- THE FOOTBALL THING'S WAKING UP!
MAXX! WHAT'S WITH THE LAMPSHADE?
HEY -- IT WAS YOUR IDEA, REMEMBER?
WELL, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T TWEAK IT A BIT.
LESSEE.....THERE!
YES!!! THE OLD MAXX'S BACK!
BUT YOU'RE STILL DAVE, TOO -- RIGHT?
WHO'S DAVE?
SH*T!
HEY THESE BUBBLES HAVE...
DADDY, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
SARA?
...BUGS IN 'EM?
MATTOX, COME HERE, DAMMIT!
OH GOD, IT'S THE URN! GLORIE, DON'T OPEN IT!!!!
...BUT THERE'S LIGHT INSIDE...
ARTIE, IT'S GETTING...
...BRIGHTER.
HEY LARRY -- WHAT HAPPENED? EVERYTHING'S SORT OF...
...DISAPPEARED.

WHAT DOES IRWIN SAY HAPPENED, JOHN?
WHO GIVES A RAT'S ASS!? HE COULD'VE MENTIONED THAT THE CREEP HE SENT US TO RUB OUT TURNS PEOPLE INTO BUGS, FER #@*!! CRISSAKE!!!
NOW, LARRY, I'M SURE MAJ. ROSENTHAL HAS A LARGER PLAN ON HIS MIND.
YEAH, MARK, YOU LOOK OLDER, TOO. IN YOUR TEENS, I'D SAY...
I SAW AN ANGEL, HIS NAME WAS IRWIN, AND HE SAID THESE BUBBLES RETURN US TO OUR UNBORN SELVES.
GLORIE, WHAT HAPPENED? I FEEL BIGGER.
GREAT. WHAT GOOD IS THAT?
GLORIE -- WAIT! WE'RE BREAKING APART!!!
IT'S OK, MARK. NOTHING CAN HURT US HERE -- IT'S SAFE! THE ANGEL SAID SO.
DON'T RESIST-- JUST FOLLOW YOUR BUBBLE, I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN, I PROMISE...
GLORIE's STORY
LOOK IN YOUR BUBBLE CENTER, MARK, AND THE PAST WILL BECOME...
...CLEAR.
HI, GLORIE.
DADDY!!
HERE SWEETY. IT'S A PRESENT. IT HELPS YOU BREATHE.
THANKS, DADDY. ARE YOU GONNA STAY THIS TIME?
SURE, HONEY, IF YOU WANT.
LIES.
SQUIRT
SQUIRT
SQUIRT
SQUIRT
REMEMBER OUR SONG? "AS I WAS WALKING DOWN THE STREET LAST NIGHT..."
"...A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL CAME INTO SIGHT."
"I BOWED AND SMILED AND ASKED HER NAME,"
"SHE SAID, 'HOLD IT, BUD -- I DON'T PLAY THAT GAME.'"


DAD ALWAYS MANAGED TO SAY WHAT PEOPLE WANTED TO HEAR...
...THEN LEAVE THEM EMPTY HANDED. Y'SEE, I BARELY REMEMBER MY REAL DAD. HE WAS A FLIMFLAM MAN. I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN AFTER HE GAVE ME THAT INHALER.
RENO
MOM RAISED ME, AND SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE I GREW UP TRUSTING. WHENEVER I GOT IN TROUBLE, MOM SAID I REMINDED HER OF HIM.
THAT USUALLY STRAIGHTENED ME OUT.
NOW, TWENTY YEARS LATER, I WORK AT THIS HOTEL CASINO IN RENO, THE POOR MAN'S LAS VEGAS. I'M IN CHARGE OF HOTEL SECURITY.
SQUIRT
SQUIRT
SQUIRT
IRONIC, HUH? ME, THE WORLD'S MOST *INSECURE*...


SHOULD WE BE IN BLAUFUS' OFFICE WHILE HE'S GONE?
ALICE, HE LEFT ME IN CHARGE, REMEMBER?
IT'S STILL HIS NAMEPLATE ON THE DESK.
JUST LOOK DOWN AT THE LOBBY. TO BUST A SCAM, YOU'VE GOT TO THINK LIKE A SCAM ARTIST. WHAT DO YOU SEE?
HOW BOUT THE OLD GUY IN SUSPENDERS WITH THE KID?
GOOD. WHAT ABOUT THEM?
LOOKS LIKE HE'S SELLING THE KID SOMETHING.
RIGHT. IS THE MARK BUYING?
CAN'T TELL -- CAN'T HEAR THEM...
FORGET THE WORDS -- WATCH THE BODY LANGUAGE.
THE OLD GUY'S WORKING ONE OF HIS SCAMS, PROB'LY THE ENVELOPE SCAM -- HE'S GIVING THE MARK SOME B.S. ABOUT ONLY BEING IN TOWN FOR THE AFTERNOON AND NEEDING A HOOKER. BUT HE'S AFRAID HE'LL GET ROLLED. SO, "WILL THE MARK HOLD IT TILL HE GETS BACK?" THIS IS THE *COME-ON.*
WHY DOESN'T HE KEEP IT IN THE HOTEL SAFE?
NO TIME. HE JUST WANTS TO GET LAID AND CATCH HIS FLIGHT, HE SAYS.
OH. IS THIS WHERE THAT "SHILL" COMES IN AS A THIRD PARTY, MAKING IT SEEM REAL?
THIS GUY'S WORKING IT ALONE.
THE OLD GUY SHOWS THE MARK $500 HE HAS IN AN ENVELOPE FOR THE KID TO HOLD.
IT'S REAL?
YEP. HAS TO BE.
NOW THE *OLD* GUY SAYS HE'S AFRAID THE KID WILL LOSE IT, SO HE WANTS THE KID TO PUT IN $500 OF HIS OWN AS A SHOW OF FAITH. THE KID HASN'T GOT $500, SO THE GUY SAYS, "HOW MUCH *DO* YOU HAVE?"
"$300."
"GOOD ENOUGH."
SEE HOW EAGER THE MARK IS TO COME UP WITH ENOUGH MONEY TO *GIVE* AWAY?

OK, CHARLEY, PETE, STAND BY. I'LL TELL YOU WHEN.
HE'S DOIN' IT. THE KID, I MEAN MARK, PUT HIS MONEY INSIDE, GLORIE!
THE OLD GUY WARNS THE KID ABOUT KEEPING THE ENVELOPE IN HIS BACK POCKET -- "TOO EASY TO STEAL," HE SAYS.
SEE -- HE USES THAT AS AN EXCUSE TO MAKE -- THE SWITCH. OK GUYS, PICK HIM UP.
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR NOW. YOU BETTER GET BACK TO THE FRONT DESK.
THANKS, GLORIE. THAT WAS PRETTY COOL. BUT YA BETTER MOVE THAT NAME PLATE, OR PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE BLAUFUS. BYE.
OK, BUDDY, GIVE THE KID HIS ENVELOPE AND LET'S GO.
UH...
DON'T WORRY KID -- MY BUDDIES HERE NEED ME RIGHT NOW -- I'LL BE BACK...
BUT MAC, THIS ENVELOPE'S...
...EMPTY...


THANKS, GUYS. I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
MAC.
MAC WHAT?
JUST MAC.
OK, "MAC". YOU'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES TO GIVE ME A GOOD REASON NOT TO CALL THE COPS.
HEH.
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
NOTHIN'. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
I DON'T THINK YOU GET WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE. I'M IN CONTROL HERE -- I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS. YOU CON MEN ARE ALL THE SAME. THAT LAME ENVELOPE SCHEME -- GIMME A BREAK.
HE WAS A LAME MARK. WHAT CAN I SAY?
NO, YOU'RE A LAME CON. HURTING OTHERS JUST TO...
I DON'T HURT PEOPLE -- THEY HURT THEMSELVES. I JUST PICK UP THE MONEY THAT FALLS FROM THEIR POCKETS.
UNBELIEVABLE.
I'LL TAKE THAT AS A YES. HMM. YOU'RE NOT A SALLY -- THAT'S TOO CHEERY FOR YOU. DEFINITELY NOT AN EDNA -- EVEN YOU'RE NOT THAT FUNKY.

KEEP JOKING, "MAC". YOU'RE JUST DIGGING YOURSELF IN DEEPER.
THREE MINUTES LEFT.
JOKING?!? I ASSURE YOU...
...I TAKE ALL THIS *VERY*...
... SERIOUSLY ... UH...
...YOUR DAD.
GLORIE! THOUGHT I'D SAY, "BLAUFUS", DINCHA? SORRY -- I CHEATED. ACTUALLY I KNEW ANOTHER OLD GRIFTER LIKE ME...
THAT'S A CONVENIENT THING TO REMEMBER RIGHT NOW.
SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME.
WOULD *YOU?*
PROB'LY NOT.
SO WHO'S BLAUFUS? YOUR BOSS? KINDA RISKY, PRETENDING TO BE THE BOSS, ISN'T IT?
YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER TO CHANGE THE NAME PLATE NEXT TIME. DON'T WORRY -- YOUR LITTLE SECRET'S SAFE WITH ME.

EXCUSE ME FOR A SEC.
DON'T BE ASHAMED OF YOUR ASTHMA, GLORIE. YOUR DAD TOLD ME.
I'M NOT "ASHAMED".
THEN WHY DO YOU TURN AWAY? YOUR DAD GAVE YOU AN INHALER LIKE THAT, DIDN'T HE? HE TOLD ME ONCE -- I REMEMBER.
HE USED TO SING THIS OLD SONG. LET'S SEE -- HOW'D IT GO? SOMETHIN' ABOUT "BOWED OR SMILED AND ASKED HER NAME..."
"...AND SHE SAID, HOLD IT, BUD--"
"I DON'T PLAY THAT GAME."
GOD, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT SONG! I GUESS YOU REALLY DID KNOW HIM. BUT THAT'S NOT GONNA SAVE YOUR ASS.
WHAT IS?
YOU'RE A PRETTY COCKY OLD GUY, MAC.
NOT COCKY. I JUST KNOW PEOPLE. THAT'S MY BUSINESS.
BUT LET'S TALK ABOUT YOUR DAD...

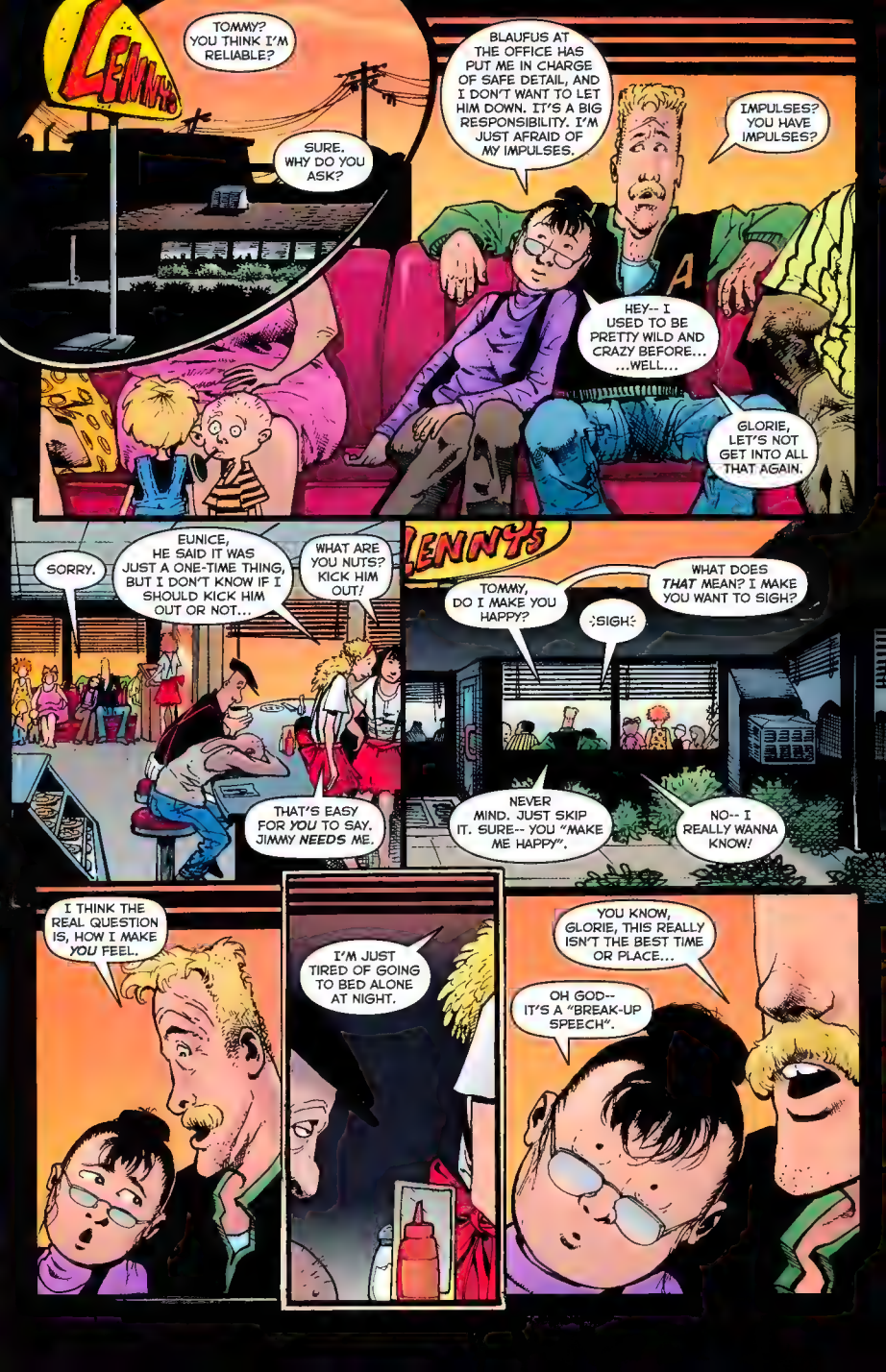
HE WAS A CROOK, A LIAR, AND ALL TALK -- NO ACTION. THAT'S WHY I TOOK THIS JOB -- TO LEARN HOW TO NEVER BE A MARK MYSELF.
LIKE I SAID, KNOWING HIM CUTS YOU NO SLACK WITH ME.
THAT'S TOO BAD, 'CAUSE I KNOW FOR A *FACT*...
...HE CARED FOR YOU.
NOW WHO'S CONNING WHO. BUT I'LL GIVE YOU THIS--
-- YOU GOT ME TO LET YOU OFF. I RESPECT THAT.
ME'N YOUR DAD WENT WAY BACK. I COULD TELL YOU STORIES...
TIME'S UP. NOW BEAT IT, BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND.
YOU WON'T CHANGE YOUR MIND.
HOW DO YOU KNOW?

YOUR WEAKNESS WAS A "TELL". I MAY HAVE PLAYED A FEW HEARTSTRINGS, BUT YOU DID THE REST.
THE MARK WANTS TO BELIEVE. BUT EVERYTHING I SAID ABOUT YOUR DAD CARING FOR YOU WAS TRUE. UNLIKE HIM, I DON'T LIE -- EXCEPT PROFESSIONALLY, OF COURSE.
NO REALLY -- WHAT'S MY WEAKNESS?
YOU GAVE ME FIVE MINUTES.
CLICK
GLORIE, I'VE GOT A CALL FROM YOUR DRY CLEANER ON THE LINE --
I'LL PUT IT ON THE SPEAKER, LISA.
HEY, TOOTS, GUESS WHO? LISTEN, I'M COMING BY FOR A "WITHDRAWAL" TONIGHT, OK?
UH... YOU THERE?
YEAH.
STUPID BITCH. WHY DON'T YOU F€%$*@ ANSWER ME THEN? %#@*€666!!!
AW SH*T, TOOTS! SEE WHAT YOU MADE ME GO AND DO?
SORRY, EDDIE.
LITTLE MISS "STUCK-UP PRINCESS" FORGETS HER ROOTS.
I GOTTA GO, EDDIE. BUT THIS IS THE LAST TIME! AND I MEAN IT!!
SURE, SURE, TOOTS. NO PROBLEM. THE LAST TIME. SEE YA TONIGHT.
THAT F%€*$BAST@*$#...

HOME
MUNCH
MUNCH
MUNCH
MOM, I DON'T CARE WHAT JENNY MACKLIN'S DAUGHTER DOES. I *LIKE* DOING THIS. BUT -- BUT YOU DON'T *NEED* KIDS TO FEEL COMPLETE. OR AT LEAST *I* DON'T... I AM NOT MISSING OUT ON A "NATURAL CYCLE."
MERV
MY CYCLE IS EAT CHIPS, PAINT MY TOENAILS, AND WATCH TV WITH MERV. OOPS -- THERE'S THE OTHER LINE. GOTTA GO. I AM *NOT* MAKING IT UP. I'LL SEE YA. BYE.
YEAH, MOM, I KNOW, BUT --
:SIGH:
OH, MERV -- HOW'D I GET MYSELF INTO THIS?
'CAUSE I'M A %$#* IDIOT -- THAT'S HOW.
FLUSH
DRY CLEANER, MY ASS.
STUPID NAME. I'LL TEACH THAT LITTLE BAS¢%$ TO RUN *MY* LIFE...

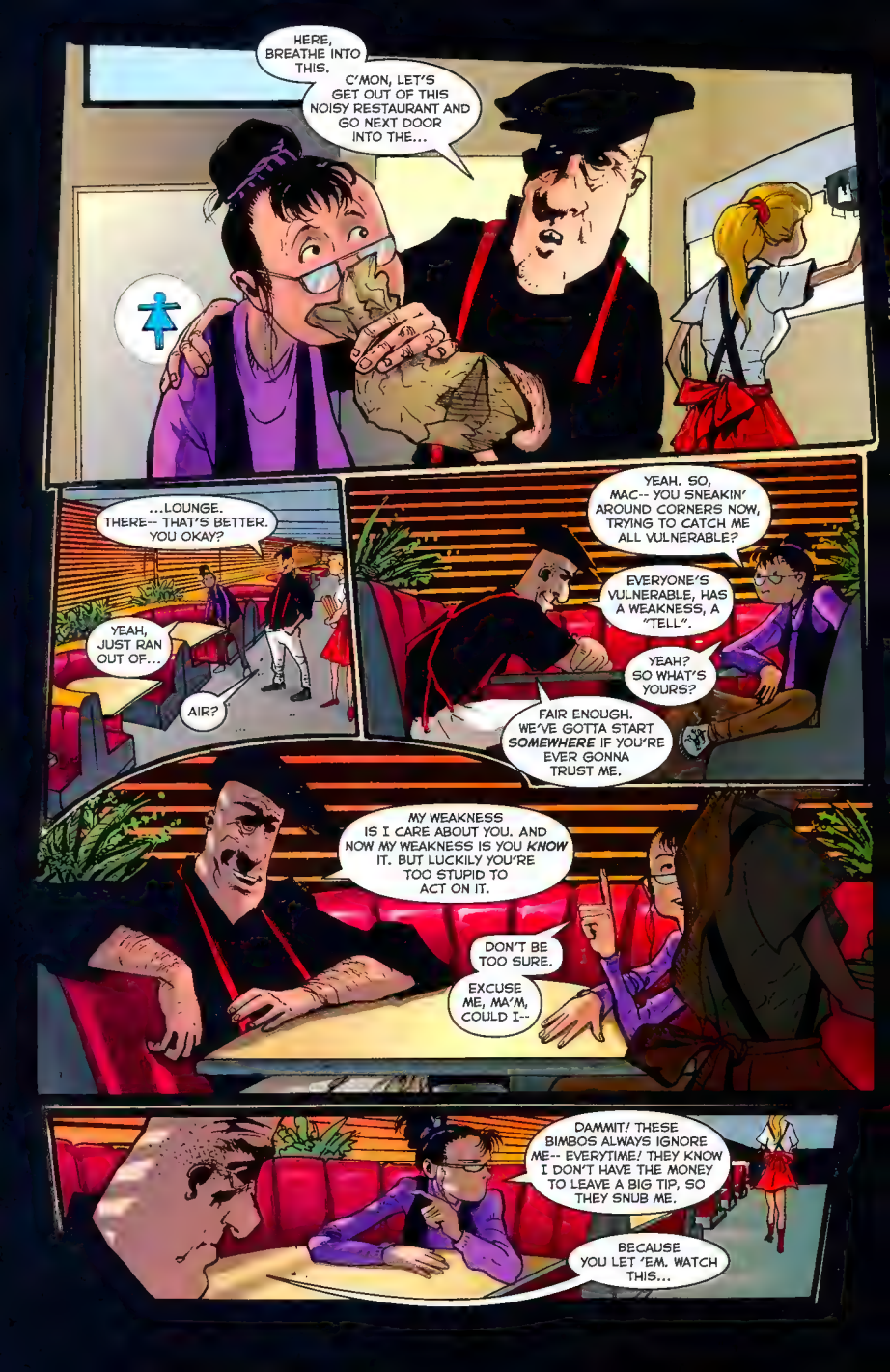
I HAD A DREAM. I WAS A KID AGAIN, PLAYING HOOKY IN MY BOSS'S OFFICE WITH AN OLD FRIEND FROM SCHOOL, NAMED SARA. ONLY SHE HAD A BIG, OVAL-SHAPED HEAD AND SAID "MEEP" A LOT.
THE HOTEL LOBBY WAS FILLED WITH PAPER AND GARBAGE. BUT WE WERE SAFE HERE INSIDE.
SUDDENLY, A DAGGER WITH A FACE ON THE HANDLE BREAKS THROUGH THE GLASS.
GARBAGE STARTS FLOODING IN THROUGH THE HOLE. I TRY TO PICK UP THE GARBAGE, BUT THERE'S TOO MUCH. IT KEEPS PILING UP.
THE KNIFE'S FACE IS THE CON FROM WORK.
HE LAUGHS.
IF THE BOSS FINDS THE OFFICE LIKE THIS, HE'LL GROUND ME FOREVER.
I CAN'T CLEAN IT UP FAST ENOUGH.
THEN I SEE WHAT'S ON THE PAPERS-- THEY'RE ALL DRY CLEANING BILLS!
KNOCK KNOCK!
SUDDENLY MY BOSS CALLS OUT, "GLORIE? I'M BACK! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY OFFICE?"
"YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER."

THE OFFICE LOOKS SPOTLESS, GLORIE. ANY PROBLEMS WHILE I WAS GONE?
NOPE. A FEW VAGRANTS, BUT I HAD 'EM THROWN OUT, AS USUAL. NO BREAK-INS. EVERY GUEST IS SNUG AS A BUG.
GOOD, I ALWAYS KNOW I CAN RELY ON YOU TO RUN THINGS.
I RESPECT A WOMAN THAT KNOWS HOW TO PROTECT HERSELF. THAT'S WHY I HIRED YOU. YOU CARRY A GUN OR MACE, RIGHT?
NO, BUT ONCE MY STEPDAD BOUGHT ME A KNIFE FOR PROTECTION.
DID IT WORK?
NO.
PITY. THEY DON'T MAKE THINGS LIKE THEY USED TO.
ANYWAY, THIS IS OUR NEW SAFE I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT.
DO WE NEED A HOTEL SAFE THIS BIG?
PRIVATE
PROB'LY NOT, BUT IT LOOKS COOL.
SERIOUSLY, THOUGH, PEOPLE GAMBLE AND HOLD LARGE AMOUNTS OF MONEY, AND IT'S UP TO YOU TO PROTECT IT. I'M RELYING ON YOU, GLORIE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH YOUR OWN FATHER WAS LIKE, BUT I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF YOU AS... WELL, YOU KNOW...
I KNOW, MR. B. DON'T WORRY-- YOU CAN COUNT ON ME.


LENNY'S
TOMMY? YOU THINK I'M RELIABLE?
SURE. WHY DO YOU ASK?
BLAUFUS AT THE OFFICE HAS PUT ME IN CHARGE OF SAFE DETAIL, AND I DON'T WANT TO LET HIM DOWN. IT'S A BIG RESPONSIBILITY. I'M JUST AFRAID OF MY IMPULSES.
IMPULSES? YOU HAVE IMPULSES?
HEY-- I USED TO BE PRETTY WILD AND CRAZY BEFORE... ...WELL...
GLORIE, LET'S NOT GET INTO ALL THAT AGAIN.
SORRY.
EUNICE, HE SAID IT WAS JUST A ONE-TIME THING, BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I SHOULD KICK HIM OUT OR NOT...
WHAT ARE YOU NUTS? KICK HIM OUT!
THAT'S EASY FOR *YOU* TO SAY. JIMMY *NEEDS* ME.
LENNY'S
TOMMY, DO I MAKE YOU HAPPY?
:SIGH:
WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN? I MAKE YOU WANT TO SIGH?
NEVER MIND. JUST SKIP IT. SURE-- YOU "MAKE ME HAPPY".
NO-- I REALLY WANNA KNOW!
I THINK THE REAL QUESTION IS, HOW I MAKE *YOU* FEEL.
I'M JUST TIRED OF GOING TO BED ALONE AT NIGHT.
YOU KNOW, GLORIE, THIS REALLY ISN'T THE BEST TIME OR PLACE...
OH GOD-- IT'S A "BREAK-UP SPEECH".

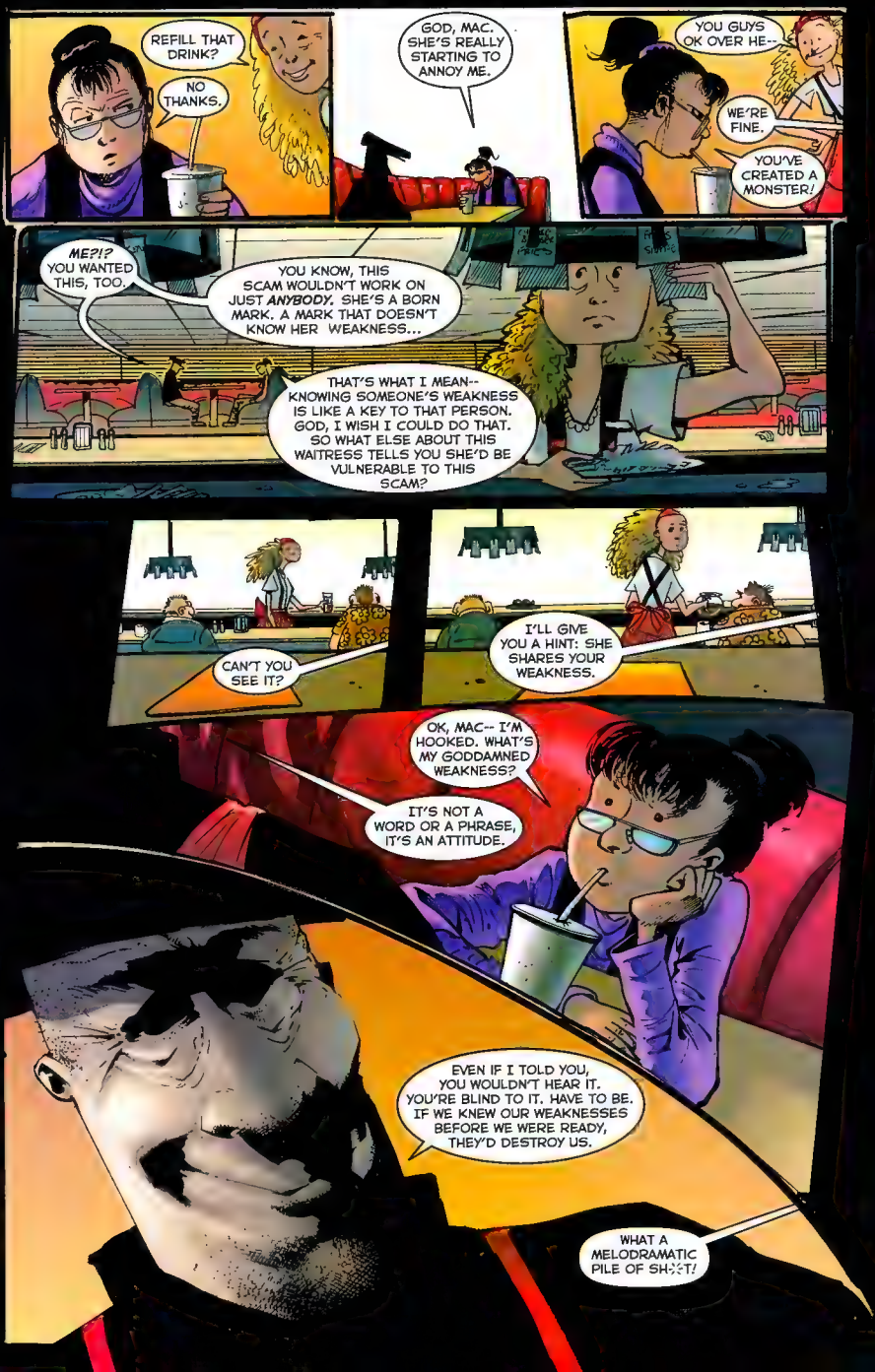
I FEEL LIKE WE'VE BEEN DRIFTING APART FOR A LONG TIME NOW. LIVING TOGETHER, BUT IN SEPARATE WORLDS-- YOU KNOW?
EVER SINCE THAT NIGHT, I'VE TRIED TO DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO BE THERE FOR YOU, BUT NOTHING I DO IS ENOUGH.
FIRST YOUR DAD LEAVING, THEN "HIM". I JUST CAN'T TAKE THE PRESSURE OF TRYING TO MAKE UP FOR...
EXCUSE ME?
TOMMY! YOU BIG DOPE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR ANYTHING! JUST TELL ME I MAKE YOU HAPPY. TELL ME THAT MUCH, PLEASE?
I THINK IT'S CRUELLER TO PRETEND. I'M SICK OF PRETENDING, AREN'T YOU?
NOT YET-- NOT NOW!
JUST HOLD ME.
SEE-- WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS. YOU CAN'T EVEN GET ANGRY AT ME. THE MORE UNHAPPY YOU ARE, THE MORE YOU CLING, AND THE MORE I PULL AWAY.
OK, YOU SACK O' SH*T! YOU WANT ANGER? I'LL GIVE YOU ANGER!! EVERYBODY $#@$* LEAVES ME IN THE END-- WHY SHOULD YOU BE ANY %$#$@ DIFFERENT?!?!
IF YOU WANNA LEAVE, BEAT IT! DON'T DRAG ME THROUGH THE $%$#* MUD, PRETENDING TO CARE IN THE--
-- THE--
GLORIE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T BREATHE? YOU LOOK BLUE! YOU BETTER--
THINK I'LL SIT DOWN.
DAMMIT! I DID THIS. WE BOTH KNOW YOU GETTING ANGRY CAUSES BREATHING TROUBLE. IT'S ALL MY FAULT.
DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WORSE-- LISTENING TO YOU FEEL GUILT, OR SUFFOCATING.
OK, IT'S COMING BACK.
GLORIE, CAN YOU HONESTLY SAY THAT YOU STILL LOVE ME?
I CAN'T DEAL WITH THIS.
HEY, LADY-- I PUT OUR NAME IN 20 MINUTES AGO.
SORRY, HON. I GUESS SOMEBODY FORGOT TO TAKE IT DOWN. I CAN PUT YOU DOWN HERE AT THE BOTTOM, THOUGH...
MUFFIN?

TOMMY, TAKE YOUR F¢$#* HAND OFF ME, OR I'LL RIP IT OFF YOUR ARM.
OH GOD, I'M SORRY. WE'RE *BOTH* PATHETIC.
NO, JUST WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER. SHOULD I LEAVE?
DO WHAT YOU F¢$%*# WANT.
GOODBYE, GLORIE.
YOUR TABLE'S READY!
THANKS ANYWAY, MA'M.
DAMMIT-- CAN'T BREATHE AGAIN.
SHOOT! MY INHALER'S EMPTY.
OK.
DON'T PANIC.
F**KIN TOMMY!
GOT TO RELAX. CALM DOWN...
MAC! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING--
GOD, THEY'LL LET ANYBODY IN THIS PLACE.
OH GOD, NOT AGAIN...


HERE, BREATHE INTO THIS.
C'MON, LET'S GET OUT OF THIS NOISY RESTAURANT AND GO NEXT DOOR INTO THE...
...LOUNGE. THERE-- THAT'S BETTER. YOU OKAY?
YEAH, JUST RAN OUT OF...
AIR?
YEAH. SO, MAC-- YOU SNEAKIN' AROUND CORNERS NOW, TRYING TO CATCH ME ALL VULNERABLE?
EVERYONE'S VULNERABLE, HAS A WEAKNESS, A "TELL".
YEAH? SO WHAT'S YOURS?
FAIR ENOUGH. WE'VE GOTTA START SOMEWHERE IF YOU'RE EVER GONNA TRUST ME.
MY WEAKNESS IS I CARE ABOUT YOU. AND NOW MY WEAKNESS IS YOU KNOW IT. BUT LUCKILY YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO ACT ON IT.
DON'T BE TOO SURE.
EXCUSE ME, MA'M, COULD I--
DAMMIT! THESE BIMBOS ALWAYS IGNORE ME-- EVERYTIME! THEY KNOW I DON'T HAVE THE MONEY TO LEAVE A BIG TIP, SO THEY SNUB ME.
BECAUSE YOU LET 'EM. WATCH THIS...

HEY-- REMEMBER ME? FROM THE COUNTER?
A FIVE-DOLLAR TIP FOR A $2.99 BREAKFAST? HOW COULD I FORGET? YOU CALL THEM "LINCOLN'S", RIGHT?
GOT ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE HIDING UNDER THE MENU?
TRY "JACKSONS".
FIVE JACKSONS? GET OUT!!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, HONEY?
SALLY.
SALLY, ME 'N MY BOSS, MS. ELLIOT, NEED TO CATCH A PLANE ON BUSINESS. SO WE NEED QUICK SERVICE, AND IT'S WORTH IT TO US TO PAY TO GET IT-- UNDERSTAND?
TOTALLY!
YOU LOSE A TWENTY EVERY TIME WE HAVE TO ASK FOR SOMETHING. GOT IT?
GOT IT.

WELL, THAT GOT HER ATTENTION.
SHE'LL SPEND HER WHOLE SHIFT WITH HER EYES GLUED TO THAT MENU.
I OVERHEARD HER TALKING AT THE COUNTER ABOUT HER BOYFRIEND. WHY SHE OUTS UP WITH HIM...
... IS WHY SHE'LL SERVE US.
YOU MEAN YOU.
NO, YOU.
OH, RIGHT. LIKE I'M GONNA BLOW A HUNDRED BUCKS TO GET GOOD SERVICE IN A RESTAURANT EVERY TIME I GET SNUBBED.
YOUR WEAKNESS ISN'T BEING SHORT A HUNDRED BUCKS.
YEAH, SO WHAT IS IT THEN?
HEY-- I'M NOT GIVING UP VALUABLE INFORMATION LIKE THAT. I CAN PUSH YOUR BUTTONS ALL WEEK WITH YOUR WEAKNESS.
AND IF I FIGURE IT OUT FIRST?
THEN YOU WIN, AND I MOVE ON.
IT'S TEMPTING TO FIGURE IT OUT, JUST TO GET RID OF YOU! AND YOUR PLAN IS FAILING-- SHE NEVER BROUGHT OUR...
... DRINKS...
ONE COFFEEE AND A SMALL MR. BIPP.
WHAT'D YOU HEAR THE WAITRESS SAY THAT MAKES IT SO EASY TO MANIPULATE HER?
I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HER INBORN WEAKNESS, WHICH IS TO TOLERATE ABUSE BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID OF BEING ALONE.
YOU TALKING 'BOUT HER OR ME?
YOU TELL ME.


REFILL THAT DRINK?
NO THANKS.
GOD, MAC. SHE'S REALLY STARTING TO ANNOY ME.
YOU GUYS OK OVER HE--
WE'RE FINE.
YOU'VE CREATED A MONSTER!
ME?!? YOU WANTED THIS, TOO.
YOU KNOW, THIS SCAM WOULDN'T WORK ON JUST ANYBODY. SHE'S A BORN MARK. A MARK THAT DOESN'T KNOW HER WEAKNESS...
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN-- KNOWING SOMEONE'S WEAKNESS IS LIKE A KEY TO THAT PERSON. GOD, I WISH I COULD DO THAT. SO WHAT ELSE ABOUT THIS WAITRESS TELLS YOU SHE'D BE VULNERABLE TO THIS SCAM?
CAN'T YOU SEE IT?
I'LL GIVE YOU A HINT: SHE SHARES YOUR WEAKNESS.
OK, MAC-- I'M HOOKED. WHAT'S MY GODDAMNED WEAKNESS?
IT'S NOT A WORD OR A PHRASE, IT'S AN ATTITUDE.
EVEN IF I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULDN'T HEAR IT. YOU'RE BLIND TO IT. HAVE TO BE. IF WE KNEW OUR WEAKNESSES BEFORE WE WERE READY, THEY'D DESTROY US.
WHAT A MELODRAMATIC PILE OF SH*T!

YOU WANT A JOB?
WORKING FOR YOU? DOING WHAT?
SHOW ME ABOUT PEOPLE. ABOUT SCAMS. HELP ME AND MY EMPLOYEES KNOW OUR WEAKNESSES SO WE WON'T GET SCREWED.
IF YOUR BOSS KNEW ABOUT THIS, "PAYING AN EX-CON TO...
... HELPING ME PROTECT MYSELF AND THE HOTEL."
I NEED TO KNOW HOW TO PROTECT MYSELF.
I WON'T BE HURT BY ANYONE.
AND WHO'LL PROTECT YOU FROM ME?
OH, YOU WON'T HURT ME.
WHY NOT?
'CAUSE YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO LEARN FROM ME, TOO.
SURE, KID. DEAL. HEY-- LOOKEE.
NO MONEY?
EVER AGAIN...
MAC, THAT'S PATHETIC! SHE WORKED HER ASS OFF FOR NOTHING!
COMING UP EMPTY-HANDED IS WHAT A MARK KNOWS BEST.

SO YOU HIRED HIM? I DON'T KNOW IF MR. BLAUFUS IS GONNA GO FOR THAT.
HE WON'T FIND OUT IF YOU JUST STAY COOL, ALICE. I CAN HANDLE MAC. DON'T TELL BLAUFUS-- GOT IT?
OK, IF YOU SAY SO. CAN YOU WATCH THE DESK WHILE I GET SOME TWENTIES?
SURE.
EXCUSE ME, BUT COULD YOU TURN AWAY WHILE I GRAB SOME MONEY?
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D DO THAT?
'CAUSE I $#%$ SAID SO, BITCH!
THE DRY CLEANER! SO THAT'S WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!
GOOD GIRL. THAT WASN'T SO HARD, WAS IT?
COURSE, YOU'LL HAVE TO COVER THE DIFFERENCE FROM YOUR OWN POCKET...
... SO THE BOSS WON'T FIND OUT WHAT AN...
... UNLOYAL LITTLE SH*T YOU ARE, HUH?
SEE YA, TOOTS.
HEY, GLORIE-- I'M BACK, YOU OK?
...GLORIE?
THE END

Getting this ish out was extreme, between Jim Sinclair's vacation and the UPS strike. Fed Ex was constipated with backed-up mail (as you know), so sending stuff around for production was scary, not knowing when/if/where it would arrive. But here we are...

Maxxfolks took advantage of our new e-mail address to write us and to send Head-to-Heads. Cool! By the way, MTV stopped forwarding e-mail from the old address a long time ago. If you wrote to us there in the last year or so, we probably didn't get it. Write now: skieth@webinfo.net. Snailmail's still good, too—unless the PO goes on strike! We even got our first pic from Iceland (thanks, Hulli)! Keep sending in fan Maxx website addresses—we'll check 'em out and start listing them next month.

By the way, your e-mail addresses will NOT be published with your fan letters unless specifically requested. If you want your letter to have your name on it, say so—give us a real name or an "OK-to-pub-my-email-address" (OK2PMEA). Otherwise letters will be anonymous. (And please include your city—we like to know and print where all our fans come from.)

Somebody addressed a Mx Trx letter to "The Men Behind The Maxx" recently, which is cool. But I should point out three women who've been with The Maxx through thick and thin. One is Ronna Vladic at Image, who traffics the book—that is, she whips all our butts into being what we here laughingly call "on time." Another is Tracey Anderson at Olyoptics who, with Steve, colors a big portion of each ish. The third is my wife, Kathy (see "Interview" below). Not to mention all the female Mxhds out there who read Mx and who write in. So there are lots of "Women Behind The Maxx", too.

Finally—see "Maxxcrap" list as promised last month. It's not complete, but has most of the Maxx merchandise ever produced. Most of which is no longer available. Hey—make your own! Mx is kind of a do-it-yerself thing anyway, right?

Dear Sam,

GOOD GRAVY! The Maxx is back! This is good, but please finish the story of Megan! I think she was Julie's first sexual experience. Why, you ask? Page 19, panel 1, top o' the page. The strawberry blond-haired girl is leaning over a 3-legged beast. This beast can only be a herald of Julie Winters, the Devourer of Worlds!

Oh Tay!
Jason Hopkins
Corinth, NY

Hmm. Some people thought Julie was Megan, but this guy thought she did Megan. So did Julie/Megan have a gay experience? Does dreaming about the same sex when you're an unhappy teen mean you're gay? If I did my job right, it doesn't matter. (3-legged beast? Ha ha. Very funny.)

Dear Sam,

Yes! Yes! Yes! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! I've just read #31 and loved it! Thank you for bringing back The Maxx! Hey, call me a conservative, but it sure does feel good to have the old Maxx back again and not some freakin' horse in a Mx get-up. I know this may sound a bit insensitive, but I couldn't care less if Dave never "finds" himself. Keep him The Maxx forever. (Besides, it's obvious that Dave's identity isn't that important, considering you never show his damn face.)

Erica Capers
Los Angeles, CA

(1) When is Maxx getting his own web-page, or does he already have one?

(2) The powdered doughnut references evade me. What's up with that?

(1) Not from us yet, but Jim Sinclair's workin' on it. We're thinking of including fan art and letters, plus previews of ishes in the works. Whatdaya think? Meanwhile, lots of Mxhds have excellent pages—check 'em out.

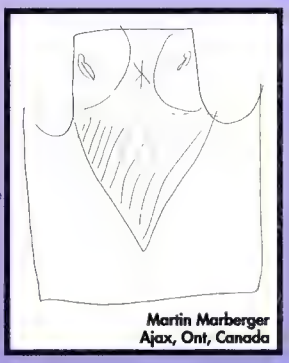
(2) I've been thinking of doing an all-powdered-doughnut issue. Then again, most of my issues are... (see Mx 29, p. 4, panel 2).

Dear Sam,

I just read #31 and was very happy and excited to see the OLD Maxx back. This is awesome, Sam—I can't thank you enough for bringing the Pez-loving freak back. When I read the issue and got to the last few pages, it was like old times again. I swear I heard the first couple of notes of "Bad to the Bone" when Julie says "Sh*t" in the third panel of the last page.

Nick Van Cleve
Matteson, IL

Well, you'll probably hate that he drops out of this issue. But don't worry—he'll be back.



Martin Marberger
Ajax, Ont, Canada

Dear Sam,

I've got a couple of questions for u:

(1) Julie said that the story about Megan in #31 was the first part. Are u going to give us the rest? I found it very very very very very very very very entertaining.

(2) The woman Gone brought with him is .....Sara's mom, Tilly. No?

Far from reality,
Close to insanity,
Kevin Simmons
Newark, NY

PS Let me give a shout out to my ppals (thanx to you & #27). HI GALS!

Jess from Georgia

(1) I dropped the Megan story because I wasn't sure it was working. Do we need three more issues just to see a girl grow up enough to walk through an evil door of puberty and cross the street into adulthood?
(2) No, and by now, you know the answer to this. But good guess, anyway.

Sam,
Please please please don't make a Maxx movie!! Some comics just don't cross over to the real world so well. Maxx would have to wear a fake suit with fake muscles, and that's stupid. Besides, who are you gonna find that has feet that huge anyway?

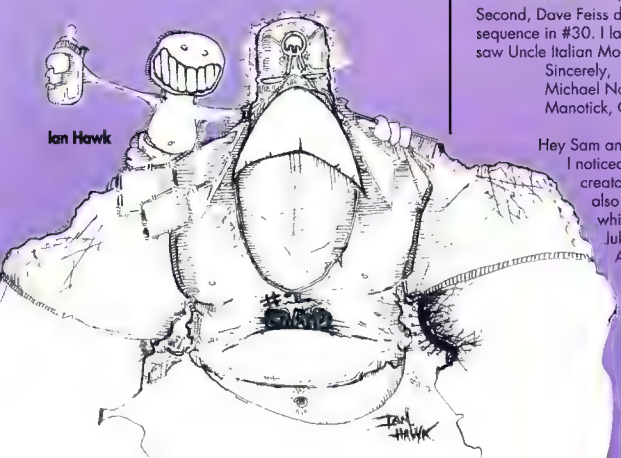
Charly
Concord, NC

OK. Done.

Good Ol' Sammy Kieth,
I am writing this letter in response to your "...but what do you folks think?" question about trying to go back and change things to have a better today. I have an opinion about that. If we go back and change our past, we won't be the person we are today. Yes, Julie's rape was awful. Yes, Gone leaving Sara as a child was terrible. Yes, Maxx (Dave) getting hit was horrible. And yes, Gone's abuse was painful. But all that past made them what they are today, whether good or bad. See, without all those bad things, there would be no comic book, but most importantly, it would be an unrealistic life. It's like this: The rainbow is beautiful, agree? And to make a rainbow, it takes sunshine AND rain. So if we want to live a rounded and colorful life like the rainbow, both joy AND sorrow must come to it. So now a real quick reality check, in the form of a run-on sentence:
Every single thing that happens in The Mx is based around Mr. Gone (Artie), but none of it would have happened if it wasn't for his abuse, saying not that his abuse was good, but it led him to meet Tilly Jones; which means Sara would have never been born, which means she could have never gotten Mark taken away from Julie (but if Julie wasn't raped, she wouldn't have Mark in the first place), which means there would be no comic book, which would mean you quitting, which would lead me to getting on my knees and begging please please please don't QUIT!

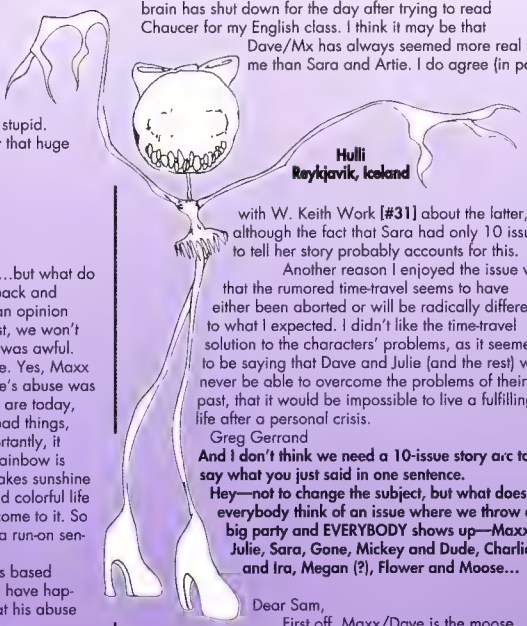
Per sempre un Mxhd,
Jennifer Campbell
Jefferson City, MO

That's probably the finest run-on sentence I've ever seen.



Ian Hawk

Dear Sam,
Having just read #31, I thought I'd better congratulate you on about the best issue of the series since #20. I can't really say why, perhaps because the analytical side of my brain has shut down for the day after trying to read Chaucer for my English class. I think it may be that Dave/Mx has always seemed more real to me than Sara and Artie. I do agree (in part)



Hulli
Reykjavik, Iceland

with W. Keith Work **[#31]** about the latter, although the fact that Sara had only 10 issues to tell her story probably accounts for this.
Another reason I enjoyed the issue was that the rumored time-travel seems to have either been aborted or will be radically different to what I expected. I didn't like the time-travel solution to the characters' problems, as it seemed to be saying that Dave and Julie (and the rest) will never be able to overcome the problems of their past, that it would be impossible to live a fulfilling life after a personal crisis.

Greg Gerrand

And I don't think we need a 10-issue story arc to say what you just said in one sentence.
Hey—not to change the subject, but what does everybody think of an issue where we throw a big party and EVERYBODY shows up—Maxx, Julie, Sara, Gone, Mickey and Dude, Charlie and Ira, Megan (?), Flower and Moose...

Dear Sam,
First off, Maxx/Dave is the moose. Second, Dave Feiss did a great job on that cartoon sequence in #30. I laughed for about five minutes when I saw Uncle Italian Moose's hooves.

Sincerely,
Michael Norton
Manotick, ONT, Canada

Hey Sam and all you Mxhds,
I noticed in Maxx #5 that Dave Feiss was the creator of the Crappon Inna Hat. Well, he is also the creator of "Cow and Chicken", which premiered on Cartoon Network in July. Do you know Dave Feiss real well? Are you good friends?

Mxhd forever,
Matt Taylor
Youngstown, OH

Yeah, I know Dave—he's my cousin (feels more like a brother, actually). Famous in his own world of animation long before I got into comics, we now sit five feet apart in the same studio. I

show up in some of his work; he shows up in some of mine.

Dear Sam Kieth,

Hola, como estas? I just wanted to let you know that I am 100% Mexican (born in Mexico, raised here) and I also looove your comic. Yes, Mexicans also read your comic… As a Latina, people would not think I would be into comics, but I am! And I'm proud to say I'm a MAXX fan! A true Maxx chick!

Adrian L. Barber London, Eng.

Lluvia Arras
Alhambra, CA

PS I love how you mentioned my mother's favorite TV show, "Sabado gigante" in #30! **Now there's a show…**

Mr. Kieth—

I've got to admit that for a second there, I thought The Maxx might have been getting just a bit boring… Bear in mind that I didn't mean the writing was getting worse, or that the art was getting any less amazing!! But, with all the "real life" stories you were doing (maybe "non-outback" is a better term), and with Sara being temporarily dead, and with Mr. Gone being a nice guy now (not that I don't like ol' Gone as a "good guy", it's just that he made a really cool bad guy), I though that maybe The Mx was losing the wacky excitement it once had.

But 30 and 31 certainly proved me wrong. The Fred Flower/Uncle Italian Moose story was hilarious, and 31, I think, pretty much gave us proof that yer book hasn't lost all its wackiness and maybe even gained some, what with Dave being back to his old Maxx-self ("Who's Dave?" I love that!!), and Sara somehow turning into a giant Is/exploding fairy/football. (By the way, is Isz now spelled Is or what?) **[One Is=Is. Two Isz=Isz. This principle was established in Mx Trx, Issue #2, and we can't be messin' with it now.]**

Anyway, just thought I'd tell ya how much I like yer work. I do have a few questions though… remember those "bloodworms" Gone was talking about way back in #1? What the heck are those?!?… And what happened to all the lines under the vowels when Gone talked? I miss those…

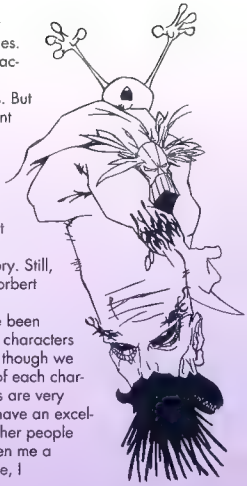
Keep up the good work!! };)

Topher G. Mehlhoff

Bloodworms turn into waterworms and only show up in the Maxx movie screenplay (which we canned because of Charly's letter back there). As to the underlined vowels, when Mike Heisler lettered the book, he cursed the day he started underlining vowels. Since he left, I haven't had the guts to inflict that pain on anyone else.

Sam—

I mostly agree with W. Keith Work in #31. His points are things I've similarly felt while reading the new issues. It's as if the story and characters just haven't clicked as much as in the older issues. But I think that it is valid to point out that the other story is completed. The Sara/Norbert story isn't complete yet, so of course we have misgivings on it. I remember feeling the exact same way when I was first reading the Julie/Gone story. Still, I do think that the Sara/Norbert story is missing something.

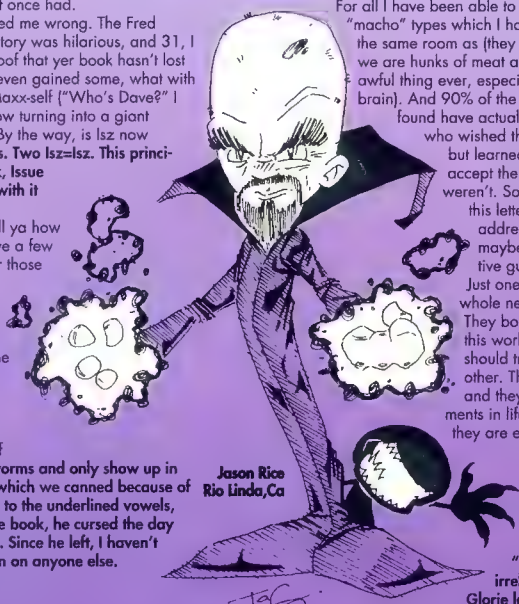


Ben Howlett
Mackay, Australia

But I also think you have been developing some excellent characters (in Maxx and FOM). Even though we only see small scenes out of each character's life, your characters are very vivid, real, and lush. You have an excellent hold on seeing how other people live their lives, and it's given me a great hope, because before, I had always felt that most humans cannot see past their own selfish lives.

One more thing about what W. Keith said (and the Mxhds are gonna hate me for this)—I completely agree that you should not drudge up the past and try to change it. It will only ruin the beauty of what once existed. It's like a favorite song—when you first hear it, you can't get enough of it. But if you listen too much, you'll begin to hate it. It's OK to put in a couple of changes here and there, but don't try to re-work the Julie/Gone story. It works just how it is.

And in response to all the "sensitive" boys that the FOM letters claim to exist, it has also given me shreds of hope. For all I have been able to find so far are "macho" types which I hate having to be in the same room as (they stare at women like we are hunks of meat and it is the most awful thing ever, especially if you have a brain). And 90% of the "sensitive" guys I've found have actually been just guys who wished they could be macho, but learned to grudgingly accept the fact that they weren't. So please, if you print this letter, include my email address so maybe, just maybe, one of those sensitive guys will write me.



Jason Rice
Rio Linda,Ca

Just one more thing on the whole nerds vs. jocks subject: They both have to co-exist in this world, and neither should try to change into the other. They are both wanted, and they both have key elements in life. In other words, they are equal, so neither of them is a loser.

Brooke
Boise, ID
somastars@aol.com

Well put. But the terms "past" and "future" are kind of irrelevant now that Glorie let Maj. Rosteval escape from the urn.

Dear Mx people,
Speaking of Gone, the abuse issue really struck a chord in me and it almost made me cry. This is one of the many reasons why I consider The Maxx one of the best comics on the market. When a "comic" book can bring out deep emotions within you and even make you think about the relationships in your own life (por exemplo—FOM), then it deserves a metric butt-ton of credit.

Ward
"Mxhd Supreme"
Donovan
Cairo, MI

PS Fred Flower and Uncle Italian Moose rock mightily! If they had their own book, I'd read it.

If Dave or I had the time, we'd write it.

Hey I really love The Maxx! I'm one of your readers who isn't a teenager who has a horribly troubled life... in fact, I'm a guy who has been blessed with great Christian parents who have taught me good morals (not that all your readers are like the former).

Jacob Grimm

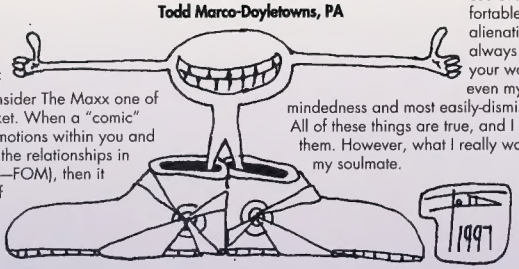
Cool.

Dear Sam,
I don't understand people bitching and griping about every little thing that happens and/or doesn't happen, complaining every time the story doesn't move through five plotlines and sub-plotlines every three pages. I love your book because it's real (to a certain degree). The people are very believable... they have faults and slow times and thoughts and depressions and loves, desires, hopes, dreams, failures, confusion, hate, grudges, and bell-bottoms... OK, well, I don't own any, but you see what I mean. It's like reading a diary, rather than a comicbook. I love getting visited by them every month (or so). It's like old friends: sometimes they show up, and nothing much happens, but you love seeing them. That's why I've stuck through this book after ten years of $200-$300 a month on comics, to now where all I buy is The Maxx. Your book has stuck with me, and always will.

And I know that your characters will solve some of their problems, and the ones that aren't solved— well, that's life, isn't it? Unresolved problems happen all the time, and I don't expect you to have to tie everything up pretty and neat. Plus, I have a feeling that your characters write themselves, and you just take dictation from their lives, don't you? I know how that is.

A Thousand Prayers,
Marc Richardson
Columbia, MO

Dearest Sam,
Where do I begin when thanking you for everything you've given me? I suppose I could tell you how your characters have taught me (are still teaching me, in fact) how to transform my insecurities into personal strength. Or, perhaps I could identify myself as one of the many who have found, in Mx Trx, sanctuary, a kind of rescue even, from an all-too-comfortable, over-riding sense of alienation. Then again, I could always just let you know how your work tends to expose even my best-disguised narrow-mindedness and most easily-dismissed self-doubts. All of these things are true, and I am grateful to you for them. However, what I really want to thank you for is my soulmate.



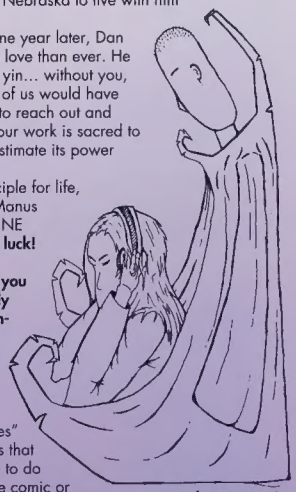
Todd Marco-Doyletowns, PA

In Dec. of '95, I answered an ad in the Head-to-Head column. Soon, our letters became oxygen to each other. Finally, after six months of writing, we got up the nerve to speak on the phone. On our third conversation, we decided to spend the rest of our lives together. On August 2, we met for the first time, and less than a week later, I moved all the way from Louisiana to Nebraska to live with him permanently.

Now, almost one year later, Dan and I are more in love than ever. He is the yang to my yin... without you, Sam, neither one of us would have had the courage to reach out and take a chance. Your work is sacred to us. Never underestimate its power and importance

A maxx disciple for life,
Khrynn McManus
Valparaiso, NE

Thanks and good luck!



Gabe-Tustin, CA

Now—Just when you thought everybody was gettin' all sensitive...
Sam—
Julie really WAS Megan, huh? If she's had some "homosexual urges" or whatever, does that have ANYTHING to do with the rest of the comic or not? Also, if you're anything like most comic artists, I'll bet you've drawn at least one or two sketches of Julie and Sara kissin'. If so, would you scan 'em and send 'em to me? Hell, I'll admit I'm a fan-boy.

Erik M. Rion

Sigh. Any of you "Women Behind The Maxx" wanna tackle this one?

Dear Master Doodler,
I'm 12 years old, and The Mx is one of the best books that I have ever read. I am very glad you did not go with the flow and have the majority of your book so-close-to-they-might-as-well-be-naked chicks.

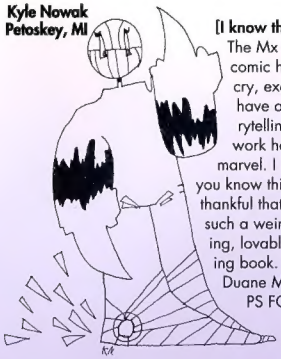
Iago's Lackey,
Morgan Bivens
Granite City, IL

Thanks for stepping in, Morgan.

Juan Navarro, Jr.
Hialeah, FL

Hello,
I just wanted to let you know what a great job you do, as well as the rest of your team. I've been a reader since #1, and though I often can't grasp what is going on

Kyle Nowak
Petoskey, MI



[I know the feeling], I like The Mx anyway. No comic has ever made me cry, except yours. You have a great gift for storytelling, and your artwork has always been a marvel. I just wanted to let you know this, and that I am thankful that you have put out such a weird, funny, sickening, lovable, thought-provoking book. Keep it up.

Duane M. Johnson

PS FOM #1 was, in my opinion, one of the best stories you ever wrote. It scared me how much it reminded me of a past relationship I was in. It was simply a great issue. Thanxx.

Speaking of relationship horror stories, I was thinking of revisiting Mickey and Dude 20 years later, locked in a room with a madman who forces them to examine their relationship. Anybody up for another round of those two?

Dear Sir Kieth,

This is great stuff, man. Although I cannot relate to any of the characters like so many others do, I still enjoy the comic. Thank you for your efforts to make this a good book, and thanks for "Head-to-Head".

Will Mr. Messner-Loebs be making his way back anytime soon? Also—I could stand to see some more Fred Flower and Uncle Italian Moose (and Crappon).

True Mxhd,
Doug M. Coleman
Rochester, NY

Bill has a project of his own, called Bliss Alley for Valentino's company through Image. It's about time he got back to his stuff. We miss Bill around here, but he did have a whole career before Maxx. Mxhds owe it to themselves to check out Bill's pre/post-Mx work such as Journey and Bliss Alley (see ad this ish).

Yo, Sam,

I agree with Mike Petite and "Mutt" that Mark's Maxx should be female. But a beaver? Fox? No way! Mark's spirit animal should be a cow!

Maxx out,
Alex Campbell
Chicago, IL

A ...cow? ...That's just bizarre enough to work... Somebody was pretty peeved about the mispelling of his name—we accidentally changed "Vandehey" to "Vandeley" in #31, then made a reference to Seinfeld in that connection. Just to let you know, Ryan, we were NOT making fun of your name. Around here, we don't make fun of names. People, maybe, but not names.

Dear Sam,

Could you please misspell my name if you would (gulp) print this in Mx Trx? Please? I want to be a part of the Club.

A BIG Mxhd,
Mike Bratt

Alright, Mipe, but this is the last one! I can't just go around misspelling everyone's name—I do have some principles! Please—don't anyone else ask! Enough already!!! (Next thing I know, people will be asking me to misspell their city, too!)

Dear Mr. Kieth,

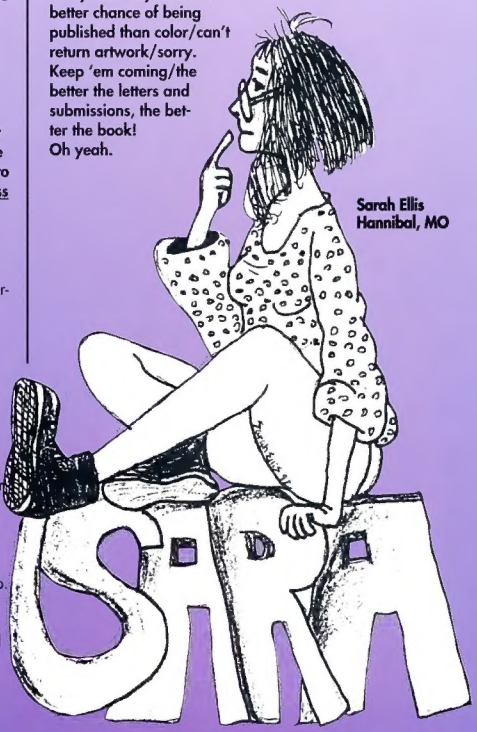
Just today my friend called me and told me that as of October, The Maxx might not exist anymore. Something about the comic not being in the Wizard magazine subscription thingy??? Is there truth to this, or will I have to disembowel my fiendish friend for telling a lie?

Your friend,
Nicholas Savage

PS If it's not true, can I disembowel my friend anyway?

Disembowel away—The Maxx lumbers on. What your friend is talking about, though, is that we sometimes skip a month in your comic shop's ordering catalog since, like Spawn and a lot of books, we have recently adopted a staggered schedule, trying to come out every six weeks instead of the unrealistic once a month. So, no, there is no Maxx solicited for October, even though one will likely appear on the stands during that month. It's complicated. But never fear—the Heads won't let this beast die.

PS/HOUSEKEEPING DETAILS WE GET ASKED ALL THE TIME: No subscriptions or retail sales available/sorry. Email is cool/include name & city please/we no print email addresses unless requested. Use "Head-to-Head" to find back issues/fan clubs/whatever (use the address in the indicia)/postcards are cheap and easy like us/WRITE LEGIBLY. No we don't print all the letters or art we get/too many/yes SAM DOES read them ALL/you might get answered or printed or edited/you might not/life's funny that way. B&w art has better chance of being published than color/can't return artwork/sorry. Keep 'em coming/the better the letters and submissions, the better the book! Oh yeah.



Sarah Ellis
Hannibal, MO

THE KIETHS
INTERVIEW THEMSELVES
(SINCE NOBODY ELSE WILL)

SAM: Hey—what's goin' on here?!?

KATHY: Well... while I'm typing Maxx Traxx and Head to Head, I thought I might as well type myself into the book.

S: Why now and not before?

K: Aw gee— it's your book. You thunk it up, you draw it, you write it. I don't wanna just be suckin' off your fame...

S: Horse pucky! You've been with me for almost 20 years— married for 15. You deserve a purple heart for that alone! Besides, Head to Head was your idea in the first place, and you still sort it and type it...

K: And misspell names...

S: You organize all the fan mail for me to read, type Maxx Traxx, proof it when it's ready to print—

K: And misspell names and lose addresses...

S: Help Ronna lay out the schedule for every issue, pay the bills, get on my butt when I'm falling behind—

K: ...daily...

S: And now, since Issue 30, you type my scripts to send to the letterer, and proof 'em when they're done.

K: And misspell names...

S: Get OVER it! People misspell "Kieth" all the time.

K: Yeah— but now they won't be able to email us if they do! So what else do you have to say about me, now that I'm out of the closet?

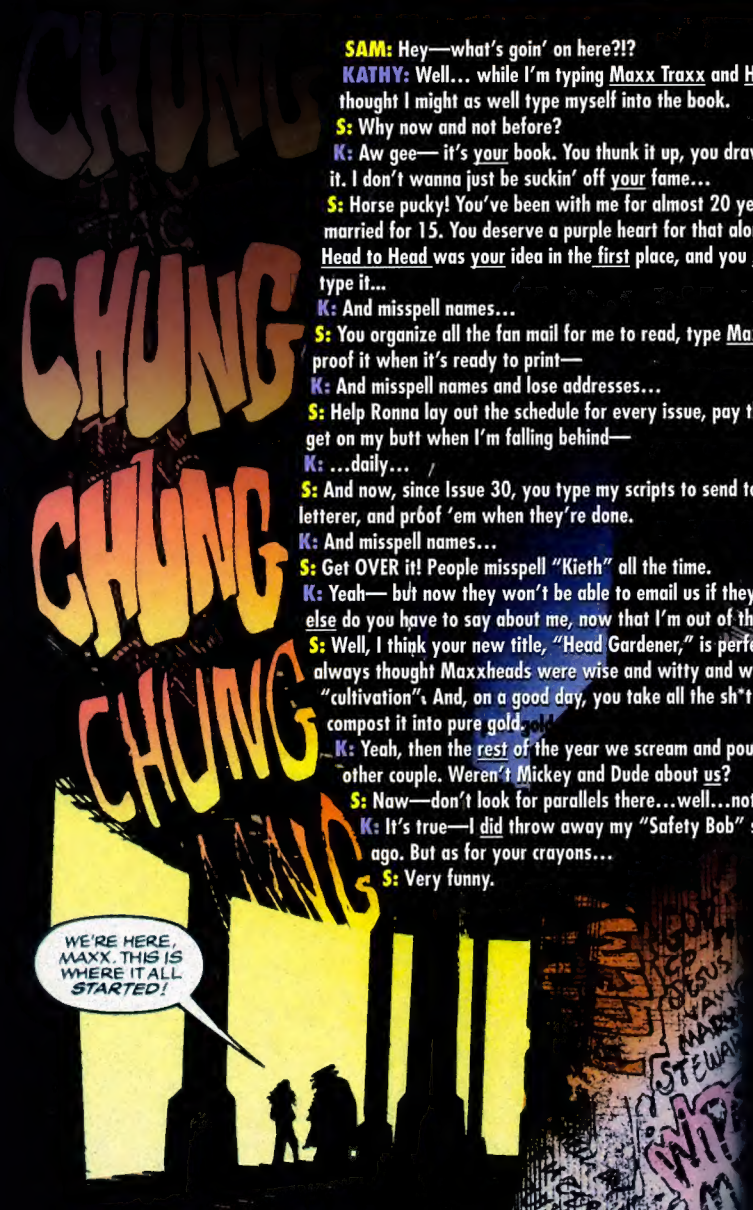
S: Well, I think your new title, "Head Gardener," is perfect. You've always thought Maxxheads were wise and witty and well-worth "cultivation". And, on a good day, you take all the sh*t I hand you and compost it into pure gold.

K: Yeah, then the rest of the year we scream and pout like every other couple. Weren't Mickey and Dude about us?

S: Naw—don't look for parallels there...well...not too many...

K: It's true—I did throw away my "Safety Bob" several weeks ago. But as for your crayons...

S: Very funny.



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